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AND

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Saturday, *July* 25, 1801.

EDWARD WALWIN.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[Written by a Young Gentleman of Philadelphia.]

(CONTINUED.)

DURING this narrative EDWARD's countenance exhibited the strongest marks of rage, indignation and pity. Bitterly did he execrate the promise that withheld him from sacrificing Randall to his resentment, and sincerely did he condemn the suspicions which he had entertained of MARY's fidelity; convinced that he was still beloved, his bosom again was filled with joy, and happiness shed its benign influence over his heart.

They now returned to the house. EDWARD avoided seeing Randall, lest his passion should overcome him. Happy in the society of his beloved MARY, several days passed insensibly away. But this happiness they could not long enjoy: Mr. NORTON having written to her uncle to inform him that his neice was safe, he soon arrived to convey her home, and bitterly reproached Randall (who was now in a convalescent state) with his perfidy. Randall, however, shewed no signs of remorse, and only answered him by looks full of disappointed malice. The next day MARY and her uncle left Mr. NORTON's on their return home. Previous to their [illegible]ture, an affecting interview took [illegible]ween EDWARD and her, and vows [illegible]st constant fidelity were mutually [illegible]ged.

[illegible]all being fully recovered, left Nor[illegible], with a heart full of malignity and revenge towards EDWARD, whose affection for MARY he had observed.

During this time EDWARD had not leisure to pursue the project which occupied his attention before, but he now resolved again to visit the haunted woods: and accordingly, one evening, William and he, both armed, repaired to the spot where William affirmed the appearance vanished; and having secreted themselves in some brushwood at a few yards distance, waited in silence, with their eyes fixed on the bushes of alder and privy. They had not waited long till a rustling was heard within the bushes, and the head of a man peeped forth between the branches, looking cautiously around. Not perceiving our heroes, he crawled out, and striking into the wood, they lost sight of him.

They now left their hiding place, and advanced to the bushes, and EDWARD pushing the branches aside, espied a small trap-door; this he cautiously lifted up, and perceiving a ladder, began to descend, telling William to follow him. They soon found themselves in a subterraneous apartment; a lamp burning dimly on a table, afforded them just sufficient light to distinguish the objects around them. The cave was small, and evidently the work of art. Its furniture consisted of a table, two chairs and a few books, together with a cask of biscuit, and some vegetables for food. They had remained but a short time in the cave, when a noise was heard above, and the inhabitant of the cavern began to descend. He uttered an exclamation of surprise at beholding strangers in his abode. "Pardon us, Sir, (said EDWARD, addressing him,) for presuming to interrupt your privacy; curiosity alone induced us to commit this trespass: yet surely, Sir, some great misfortune must have happened to induce you thus to relinquish the world." He paused, waiting for a reply. The inhabitant of the cave, fixing his eyes earnestly on EDWARD, while the big tear rolled down his cheek, thus replied, "Great indeed have been my sufferings;—yet the Almighty inflicted them, and I drink my cup of sorrow without repining." He then begged him not to disclose the secret of his residence, as he wished to avoid all communication with the world. "That I will cheerfully promise, said EDWARD, if you will grant me one favour,—the liberty of visiting you at times." "My company can have little charms for one of your age, (replied he,) but as you have now discovered my retreat, if visiting me will afford you any gratification, you will be always welcome."

EDWARD and William now departed, very well satisfied that the adventure had terminated so favourably; for, altho' they went armed, neither of them had any inclination to spill blood.

After this EDWARD frequently visited the Hermit, (for so we will call him,) and by his permission introduced Mr. NORTON. The Hermit appeared to be about forty years of age; grief was pictured in his countenance, and his habit was constantly that of deep mourning. He had seen much of the world, and his conversation displayed such knowledge and strength of mind, that both Mr. NORTON and EDWARD were delighted with his company. All their endeavours, however, to withdraw him from the cavern proved ineffectual, as he was determined to mingle no more with the world, but to spend the remainder of his days in preparing himself for a better world.

Not long after this EDWARD one evening walked out unattended by any person; and at the hour of retiring to rest, he had not returned. Mr. NORTON was alarmed,

William to seek him. William directed his steps to the cave; but was informed by the Hermit that he had not been there; the lateness of the hour precluded further search that evening. The next day another and general search was made, but EDWARD was not to be found. Mr. NORTON sent messengers to every part of the country, but could hear nothing of him. Months passed over without bringing any intelligence, and at length he entirely gave up all hopes of ever beholding his beloved EDWARD again. He sincerely mourned his loss; the more so, as he was utterly unable to conjecture how or by what means he had disappeared.

Having observed the mutual affection subsisting between him and Mary Bolton, Mr. NORTON thought it his duty to inform her of this fatal accident, and in a letter to Mr. Bolton, related the occurrence, together with his observations respecting EDWARD's affection for MARY, in order that he might disclose the matter to his daughter as cautiously as possible. Previous to this MARY had returned from her visit to her aunt's. Her worthy parent was much grieved at EDWARD's fate, having always entertained a high esteem for him. Immediately upon receiving Mr. NORTON's letter, Mr. Bolton sent for his daughter, and tenderly taking her hand, said to her,—"My dear, a circumstance has occurred which afflicts me much; an amiable young man, who was once my neighbour, is no more." The dear girl's foreboding fears immediately presented EDWARD to her view, and she eagerly, though with faultering accents, asked his name. Instead of directly answering her question, Mr. Bolton replied,—"But why need we mourn? he has no doubt ascended to the mansions of bliss; and it would be arraigning Divine Providence to indulge in unreasonable grief." This observation seemed somewhat to calm her, and Mr. Bolton ventured to inform her that it was EDWARD. No sooner was the name pronounced, than she gave an involuntary scream; her colour fled; she tottered, and would have fallen, had not her parent's arm sustained her. At length her recollection returned, and a shower of tears gave her some relief, in which her father mingled his.

MARY BOLTON had lost her mother when but an infant; but this loss was in a great measure recompensed by a father, who to the dignity of that character, added the sympathizing softness of a mother. All the assiduities of an affectionate father, however, could not prevent a tender melancholy from taking possession of the disconsolate girl. She mourned secretly during the space of a whole year; at which time she appeared to be going into a consumption.

In the mean time Mr. NORTON's health gradually declined. Borne down with grief, arising from the loss of those he held most dear, and a variety of disappointments in his worldly concerns, he found his dissolution fast approaching. Sensible of this, he made his will, in which he disposed of his property to a distant relation, after paying some trifling legacies.—And, in little more than a year after the loss of his much-lamented EDWARD, the worthy Mr. NORTON resigned his seat of mortality, in full hope and expectation of receiving, in a happier state, the abundant reward of all his sufferings.

The faithful and affectionate William, deeply mourned his master's death, and sorrowfully departed to seek another service. Doubtful whither to direct his steps, he wandered about thirty miles from Norville. As he was travelling onward, he reached one of those tremendous mountains from whom Vermont derives its name; as he ascended night approached. The ascent was covered with wood, and he was soon enveloped in darkness. The road was no longer perceptible, and poor William quickly found himself bewildered; every step he took only served to entangle him more and more among the brush which grew beneath the more lofty trees: necessiated therefore to stop, after recommending himself to the Divine protection, he laid himself down at the foot of a tree; where, overcome with fatigue, he soon fell fast asleep, and became lost to all sense of the dangers that might attend his exposed situation.

(To be continued.)

A VIEW OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERICK III. one of the greatest men that ever filled a throne, governed without ministers; for those, who, under him, bore that name, did no more than copy and dispatch his orders. Every object of military and political government; every thing that related to finances, legislation, and commerce, was subject to his sole direction and impulse. As he was a great captain, a statesman, a philosopher, a poet, and author, he possessed all the qualities that lead to honour and power. Bold in his plans, which always succeeded, because they were formed with wisdom, and executed with dexterity,—superior in the open field,—admirable in the choice of his posts, and his order of battle,—rapid and accurate in his judgment,—valiant even to excess,—adored by his soldiers,—dreaded by his officers,—and sure of the discipline and regularity of his troops,—he availed himself of the celerity of their manœuvres, to venture upon sudden and unexpected movements.

It must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that this Prince was neither famous for conducting sieges, nor for defending fortifications. The branch of the art of war called offensive, was that in which he truly excelled. It was analogous to his character and genius.

Though cautious in forming his plans, he was almost rash in the execution. His great object and passion was to crush opposition at one stroke. He was too sanguine in reaping the advantages of victory.

When repulsed, he repaired his loss with amazing celerity; for all his measures were the effects of a plan laid before-hand, to provide for all contingencies.

FREDERICK spoke all the modern languages with elegance and grace. He was learned in almost all the sciences. He was free from all prejudice,—appreciated a man by what he was, and not by what he believed,—believing himself little or nothing.

Magnificent on certain occasions, parsimonious from principle, he rewarded nobly, but rarely, and had the happy art of securing the zeal and attachment of those whose services he stood in need of, not so much by lavishing favours upon them, as by keeping them in the expectation of a recompence.

His person was not graceful, tho' there was something majestic in his air. His constitution was strong; and from his earliest youth he had been accustomed to hard labour, both of body and mind. Tho' short-sighted, his eyes were full of vivacity and fire. His dress was plain. He always wore his uniform, which was often old and dirty. When he was on horseback, he had a martial look; and it was easy, even thro' the negligence of his apparel, to distinguish the warrior.

His private life was remarkable for its uniformity. He rose always at four in the summer, and five in the winter. He was dressed in two minutes. He always slept without a night-cap, and neither used a night-gown nor slippers. As soon as he was dressed, the adjutant of the first battalion of guards brought him a written list of all the persons that were arrived at, or had

set out from Potsdam; and of every thing that had passed in the garrison; after which the monarch shut himself up in his cabinet, and applied to business alone, till seven, when he passed into another apartment. Here he found his chocolate ready, and all the letters that had been addressed to him, the day before, from Berlin, Potsdam, and his interior dominions. The foreign letters and dispatches were arranged apart on another table. He read them all, —wrote hints or notes on the margin of those that were to be answered by his secretaries,—carried with him such as he designed to answer himself,—and returned to his cabinet, where he did business with a particular secretary till nine o'clock. He then received the accounts and dispatches of his three secretaries, and read and signed the letters they had drawn up.

At ten o'clock, the Generals that were about his person, were called successively into his cabinet, where he talked with them politics, tactics, &c. and received those to whom an audience had been previously granted.

At eleven, he rode out on horse-back to take the air, and three days of the week, he went, at that hour, to the parade; he reviewed the troops, made them go thro' their exercise, and perform the necessary manœuvres.

When the King did not exercise his troops, he went on horseback, or on foot, through the streets of Potsdam, accompanied by a single page, and an adjutant;—he visited the buildings that were carrying on by his order;—he returned afterwards to Sans-souci, where he found his Generals, and those whom he had invited to table,—he walked with them till one o'clock, in the garden, when the weather was good; and in the great gallery, when it rained.

The dinner consisted of eight dishes, (the soup and bouilli not included,) which were brought in one by one.

It was generally the King who carved, and served the company. Of the eight dishes, four were dressed in the French manner, two in the Italian, and two particularly to the King's taste. They were all succulent and nice; and no wonder, for each dish was dressed by a separate cook, who had his kitchen apart. Hence the King's table, though not magnificent, was very expensive.

The desert consisted chiefly of sweet-meats and fruit; which latter article was provided with peculiar care, as the fruits of all countries, and all seasons, appeared at the King's table; and the royal gardens contributed richly to this part of the repast.

His Majesty dined plentifully, and made the pleasure last a good while. He drank at table a bottle of burgundy, and some glasses of champaign. He sat at table until half an hour after three; and, during the desert, he conversed and joked with his Generals.

None were admitted to the King's table but Generals, Colonels, and some persons whom his Majesty liked particularly. Strangers were never admitted, except on court-days, which happened rarely; and never at Sans-souci, which was the King's ordinary residence.

After dinner, he withdrew into a cabinet, where coffee was served, and where he found the persons who came thither by special orders; without which, no mortal, not even his own ministers, approached that mansion.

At five o'clock he dismissed all the company, and retired into a cabinet, where his privy-counsellors brought his Majesty their answers to letters and dispatches, which he read and signed. The answers were sent off at six o'clock, and all was transacted with such order and expedition, that the person who wrote to the king, and put his letter into the proper office, was sure to have an answer in four and twenty hours.

At six, all business was finished; and his Majesty softened with music the cares of the empire, till seven. In summer he walked with the Generals till eight, and then bid them a good night.

The King neither played nor hunted. His hours, after the concert in winter, were employed in hearing the new productions of literature read to him: he even sometimes took the book out of the hand of his reader, and read aloud for half an hour.

After this, he retired to his bed-chamber, where one of his cooks (for he had no master of his houshold, nor steward at Sans-souci) brought him the bill of fare for the next day, with the price of each dish, nay even of its ingredients, marked on the margin.

The King had altered what he disliked, ordered something else instead of the rejected dish, exclaimed against the roguery of his cooks, and always concluded by paying the account as it stood.

He behaved in the same way with all the accounts relative to his household, stables, kitchen, liveries, &c. which were presented to him, and cleared monthly. When he saw them swelled beyond measure, he scolded like a fury, and paid like a prince.

After all these domestic affairs were finished, he went to bed, and joked a little with Quintus Icilius, who talked him to sleep.

The King had never any of the great officers of the crown about his person, nor even his chamberlain. Two pages, two horsemen of the corps called chasseurs de cheval, four of the light hunters, (petits chasseurs,) four footmen, and two chamber-hussars composed his whole houshold.

When he rode out, he had with him only a page, a hunter, and a groom, with a led horse. He had neither coach nor carriage at Sans-souci. He went always on horse-back, except in long journies.

EXHORTATION
OF A MEXICAN TO HIS SON.

MY son, we know not how long Heaven will grant unto us the enjoyment of a precious gem that we possess in thee; but however short be thy period, endeavour to live exactly, praying God continually to assist thee. He created thee; thou art his property. He is thy father. And he loves thee still more than I do: repose in him thy thoughts. And day and night direct thy sighs to him. Reverence and salute thy elders, and hold no one in contempt. To the poor and distressed be not dumb, but rather use words of comfort. Honour thy parents, to whom thou owest obedience, respect and service.

Mock not, my son, the aged or the imperfect. Scorn not him that thou seest falling into some folly or transgression, nor make him reproaches; but restrain thyself, and beware lest thou fall into the same error which offends thee in another. If thou wilt be virtuous, thy example will put the wicked to shame. No more, my son; enough has been said in discharge of the duties of a father. With these councils I wish to fortify thy mind; refuse them not, nor act in contradiction to them: for on them thy life and all thy happiness depend.

ANECDOTE—When Sir Thomas Moore was Lord Chancellor of England, he decreed a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor widow, whom he had wronged, to whom the Gentleman said, "Then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it;" "I will grant your motion, (said the Chancellor,) Monday next is *St. Barnabas' Day*, which is the longest day in the year; pay it to the widow on that day, or I will commit you to the fleet."

The Commentator, No. 16.

" *The preacher throned in pomp of words,*
" *In deed, beneath the taught.*"

HOW vast is the difference between practice and precept!—how much less difficult it is to inculcate good doctrine than to set the example!—I have heard of a divine, whose conduct was contradictory to the principles he professed and taught, who being one day accused by one of his flock, of disregarding the dictates of propriety, and by his example confuting his own doctrine, replied—" *Do as I say, not as I do.*"—Thus the anonymous writer derives an advantage, which were he known, might entirely fail him; the world have only an opportunity of knowing his avowed sentiments, without being able to ascertain whether his practice tends to confirm his professions, and hold forth a brilliant and meritorious example, or whether they operate to confute his own arguments. I apprehend it must be owing to this circumstance, that so many teachers of morality have concealed themselves beneath an impenetrable veil from the public eye; as no investigation can take place, nor their conduct be exposed. But if a man attempts to convey his sentiments accompanied by his name, his life ought to be blameless, his moral character unsullied, and his whole conduct irreproachable, and and corresponding in every respect with his professions; or he must fail of making converts to his theory, or of reforming the lives and manners of mankind. The danger of exposition, of being convicted by his actions, of holding forth a system, which he found himself incapable of acting upon, is completely annihilated, by shielding himself under a fictitious signature. For while he is unknown, a fine field of conjecture is presented to the view of the reader, and if the doctrine wears the appearance of sanity, according with the reader's ideas of right, the author is very naturally supposed to act from the principles he lays down, and is perused with pleasure. A laconic friend, seems to think I may be ranked among that class of writers, who teach one thing and practise another; but however that may be, I shall have the candour to lay the threatning *morceau* before the reader.

" *Dear Longface,*
" Example is better than precept," as says
" the old motto. I hate inconsistency. A
" word to the wise, &c.
" Yours as you conduct,
" PUBLIUS."

The insinuation this contains, demonstrates the author's sentiments as fully as he could have done by filling sheets with prolix accusations. The familiarity with which he addresses me, evinces that our acquaintance has not been commenced at a very recent date, and although he speaks but little, and writes less, yet I should regret the loss of his friendship. His concluding phrase of *yours as you conduct*, has considerably alarmed me, and I thought, plainly indicated, that unless my conduct became perfectly congenial with my doctrine, he would be under the necessity of dropping my acquaintance. From his writing at all, I was sensible that he considered the subject in a serious light, and of considerable magnitude. It was the reception of this letter that led me into a train of moralizing on the advantages I enjoyed, by being unknown, while I published my effusions; if I wish to preserve the friendship of my old acquaintance, Publius, I have only the alternative of reducing my professions to the standard of my conduct, or to desist totally, from the prosecution of a work, that has proved a fund of amusement. Indeed it has been productive of so much pleasure, that however difficult it may be, I must endeavour to amend my conduct, and bring that and my doctrine nigher to a parallel.

A few evenings since, I was in a mixed company, consisting of about a dozen persons, young and old, male and female. The heterogeneous nature of the party, inspired me with hopes that my wishes to hear the Commentator spoken of would now be gratified. I had long mingled with every company to which there was access, anxiously expecting to hear the subject introduced; but hitherto disappointment had been the sole result of my labours, for nobody that I could find had read it, except in a very superficial manner. At length my expectations were gratified: Some of the younger class who were assembled in the before-mentioned company, introduced the subject of the Repository, and it soon became the topic of general conversation; among other pieces, of which cognizance was taken, an old gentleman brought the Commentator on the carpet, with the observation, that in his opinion, the editor of the Repository must be at a loss for matter to fill his paper, or he would never have inserted so many numbers of it, when at best it was but a poor imitation of Addison's Spectator, and many other works of merit, published in the form of periodical papers. He moreover observed, as a mitigation of his first severe sentence, that after so many able pens had been exerted in the cause of universal reformation, there was but little opportunity for a person to render himself conspicuous, in the same beaten path. A lady, who afterwards was understood to be his wife, appeared to entertain a different sentiment, and thought that the world was more deeply immersed in vice at present, than in the days of the Spectator, consequently there could be no scarcity of subjects for a critical observer to descant upon. She concluded, by reproving her good-man for his severity, and very obligingly observed, that she thought the author's intentions were good, however feeble the execution. A young lady, with great vivacity exclaimed against his sentiments concerning novels, and humanely supposed, he was some stupid old wretch, who, having lost his relish for such amusing books, and for all the pleasures of youth, had been soured by disappointment, matured by age into a misanthrope, and now vented his spleen against mankind, by endeavouring to deprive them of such faithful sources of innocent amusement. Another of the same class, would have been glad to have heard the old cynic, as she called the author, say something about the female part of the creation, and she could not believe, he was so biassed by prejudice, so devoured by spleen, as to intend to include them, when he railed so bitterly against mankind and their failings. I remained totally silent, and rather chagrined at the sentiments entertained respecting my work, contemplating the group before me, and treasuring up the opinions expressed by each, as in turn they made their remarks on the *darling offspring of my brain*, thinking to receive some hints, of which I might take advantage; till an old lady, who had not before opened her lips, launched forth into such a strain of invective and abuse, against the poor unacknowledged foundling, that quite unable to preserve my patience, I snatched my hat from the table, and darted out of the house. It may be rationally supposed that my sudden departure, much discomposed the company, but I had reached the door, before my resentment would admit of reflection, when fortunately the old gentleman whom I before mentioned, followed me to ascertain the cause of my sudden and inexplicable disappearance. I recollected myself, desired him to apoligize to the company for my leaving them so hastily, as I was suddenly indisposed, and returned to my lodgings, reflecting, that however in other respects they had the advantage, they were exposed to

one mortification, from which avowed authors were exempt—that of being obliged to hear their own productions abused to their face. J.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Hephestion and Alonzo.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

Hephestion and Alonzo were twin brothers, and Spaniards by birth; born on the same day, and educated by the same preceptors, they encreased alike in years, and in knowledge. Alonzo was every thing that was noble, so also was Hephestion, but his passions naturally violent, (although he took the greatest care to restrain them,) were very often productive of the most serious consequences, and threw a dark shade over his many good qualities. As soon as reason resumed her place, and his passions were cooled, his virtues shone forth with redoubled splendour. These violent gusts of passion were his only foible.

Hephestion and Alonzo lived together in perfect friendship and unanimity, until they had attained their fourteenth year. When, at that early period, Hephestion was summoned to attend his royal master, on an expedition, which was then formed against the Portuguese, who were advancing with rapid strides into the interior of Spain, carrying all before them, and making the whole country around one continued scene of ruin and devastation. The Spaniards were alarmed; and immediately flew to arms with the greatest alacrity; then might one see the old men, with tears in their eyes, exhorting the young warriors, to lay aside all thought or fear of themselves; that they were to fight against an armed banditti for their country, and —their liberties; now is the time, said they, that the valour, which your forefathers have uniformly possessed, is to be put to the test; your wives, your daughters, and your altars are in danger; if you do not exert yourselves, your religion, and your liberty is for ever lost. 'Tis now that you should

" Set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up ev'ry spirit
To it's full height." SHAKESPEARE.

The loud shouts of the people, the beating of the drum, and the clangor of the shrill trumpet proclaim to arms! The Spaniards fill the air with the fierce cry of *to battle*; let us march against these bold invaders, and with our swords' points decide the fate of Portugal. Let us, by one decisive blow, free ourselves, and our families, whose lives, and whose honour are in the most imminent danger from the bold and successful attacks of these desperate banditti. The cry of war was re-echoed throughout the whole kingdom, and all who were able to arms, ranged themselves under the banners of their sovereign, resolved with him to liberate themselves from bondage, or perish in the attempt; amongst these was Hephestion! " It is better," said he " to die honourably on the field of battle, than to live ignobly in servitude." The calls of honour are loud; the calls of honour must be obeyed; obeyed they are; and, sacrificed to them, are the best, the bravest of her votaries. It was then that every manly breat felt a warlike impulse thrilling the whole frame.

The king, who intended to take the command of the army himself, at this time, was suddenly taken ill, in consequence of which, it devolved to another person, equally experienced in military tactics. In a few days, the army, consisting of ten thousand well disciplined and well tried men, with officers who were perfectly acquainted with the country, was in motion. Hephestion, (though young,) on account of his being of noble birth, and allied to the principal men of Spain, was entrusted with the command of the left wing. At break of day, they sallied out of the gates of the city, and by forced marches found themselves about sun-set, within an hour's march of the enemy: They there halted, and pitched their tents in the most advantageous situation they possibly could in such a place; the country round about was very rough and uneven, and many places were utterly impassible; on all sides were craggy inaccessible mountains,

" Where only grew the fir and barren thorn."

Gonzalvo was the name of the commander in chief of the Spanish army, and nearly allied to the royal family; he was generous, humane and brave. Unwilling to shed even the blood of the enemies of his country sportively, as soon as he had placed guards at all the outposts, he sent a messenger, with proposals to the Portuguese general; the messenger set out, and was admitted to the presence of Don Velasquez, who no sooner glanced over the paper, than he exclaimed, " What! shall I be insulted in my own tent with impunity! no by heaven! if it were Gonsalvo's self, thus would I serve him; off with the villain's head. Which was immediately done, contrary to the laws of nations, which makes the person of an ambassador sacred. When the news reached Gonzalvo, he was enraged to the utmost, and calling his officers together, held a council of war, when it was unanimously agreed, that they should take up their line of march, and immediately attack the Portuguese in their very camps. " And by St. Paul, I swear," said Gonzalvo, " for this insult offered me, not one of those infernal villains shall live to bear the news of their defeat! What I have said, I dare, and will do! Come on then, my brave companions in arms, who have never shrunk from the most numerous or redoubtable foe, you will find an easy victory over these pusillanimous Portuguese." The soldiers were all delighted to hear this speech of their general, and with one accord, cried out, " Long live Gonzalvo! lead us to victory." They in a short time came within sight of the enemy, who were already drawn up to meet them. The signal was given for battle; they then engaged with a fury bordering on madness, which seemed to bear down all mortal opposition; at the first onset Gonzalvo was shot down, and was borne off the field of battle by Hephestion: when dying, he said, " To you, Hephestion, the command now devolves, I have great confidence in you, and I know you will trample under feet the enemies of your country; it is this, and this only that reconciles me to death; to you I bequeath this sword, use it, my son, as I have done; it has never been unsheathed in an inglorious cause, I can add no more—the cold hand of death I now feel pressing heavy upon me—that you may be victorious is my last prayer—farewell—thus saying, he expired without a groan.

Hephestion returned to the fight, which was now carried on in a most vigorous manner, with equal advantage on both sides; flushed with the hopes of suspending victory, the insignia of triumph hanging doubtful over their heads, they indulge no thoughts about those who lament the loss of a father, a child, a brother, or a friend.

Victory remained for some time doubtful, till at length the Portuguese entirely routed the Spaniards; in vain did Hephestion endeavour to rally them, reminding them that their liberties were in danger, that their wives and their children would be infamously enslaved. All would not do, they paid no attention to him, but still sought their safety in flight. In the midst of this scene of confusion, an armed knight appeared at a distance, mounted on an elegant courser, galloping over the mountains; both armies stopped to observe

him, he had a noble mein, and an air of grandeur in all his appearance. Coming up to the Spanish army, he exclaimed, "Is it thus, disloyal set, that ye protect your king?—Is it thus you coward-like fly from a raw undisciplined army? Show yourselves men, and act as men: for shame, know ye the disgrace that will be attached to the Spanish name by such ignoble conduct; it may not yet be too late to retrieve your dishonour; I myself will lead you. Thus encouraged, the Spaniards renew the fight with redoubled vigour, and in a short time the Portuguese were entirely cut to pieces. Loud shouts proclaim the victory obtained by the strange knight, whom the soldiers immediately enquired for, but found that he had retired unobserved, from the field of battle. Hephestion, in the mean time, filled with rage and shame for his late defeat, and outrageous to be foiled by a stranger, followed the knight, who had retired to a thick wood, and watching his opportunity rushed upon him, and put an end to his existence by stabbing him to the heart. Then removing his vizor—what was his astonishment and confusion, when he beheld that the man he had so villainously murdered was—his brother Alonzo! Torn with remorse and despair, he rushed to the top of the craggy cliffs, and plunged headlong to eternity!!

R. G.

REMARKABLE EATER.

Account of a man who lives entirely upon large quantities of RAW FLESH, *drawn up by* Dr. COCHRANE, *Fellow of the College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and Medical Agent at* LIVERPOOL, *at the request of* Dr. JOHNSTON, *Commissioner of sick and wounded seamen; and by him communicated to* Dr. GILBERT BLANE, *M. D. F. R. S. in a letter dated* Somerset Place, Oct. 28, 1799.

CHARLES DOMERY, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, aged 21, was brought to the prison of Liverpool, in February, 1799, having been a soldier in the French service, on board the Hoche, captured by the squadron under the command of Sir John B. Warren, off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army; and the peculiar craving for food with this young man, began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and, by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency by eating four or five pounds of grass daily; and, in one year, declares he devoured one hundred and seventy-four cats (without the skins,) dead or alive; and says, he had several severe conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effects of their torments on his face and hands; sometimes he killed them before eating; but, when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office.

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws; and, if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals, indiscriminately became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard, a respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment on board the Hoche, and is now present; and who assures me he has often seen him feed on those animals.

When the ship on board of which he was, had surrendered after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual, hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg, which was shot off, lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily, when a sailor snatched it from him and threw it overboard.

Since he came to this prison, he has eat one dead cat, and about twenty rats. But what he delights most in, is raw meat, beef or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied by eating the rations of ten men daily,* he complains he has not the same quantity, nor indulged in eating so much as he used to do when in France.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His subsistence, at present, independent of his own rations, arise from the generocity of the prisoners, who give him a share of their allowance. Nor is his stomach confined to meat, for when in the hospital, where some of the patients refusing to take their medicines, Domery had no objection to perform this for them; and his stomach never rejected any thing, as he never vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wishing fairly to try how much he actually could eat in one day, on the 7th of September, 1799, at four o'clock in the morning, he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnston, Commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child and his sons, Mr. Foster, Agent for Prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his powers as follows: there were set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve tallow candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; these he finished by half past ten o'clock. At one o'clock, there were again put before him, five pounds of beef, and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter; at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows, to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions.

At two o'clock, when I again saw him with two friends, he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and a great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine; his skin was cool, and pulse regular, and in good spirits. At a quarter past six, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have eat more; but, from the prisoners without telling him we wished to make some experiment on him, he began to be alarmed. It is also to be observed, that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus:

Raw cow's udder	4lb.
Raw beef	10
Candles	2
Total	16lb.

Besides 5 bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacks his beef, when his stomach is not gorged, resembles the voracity of a hungry wolf, tearing off large morsels with his teeth, rolling them about in his mouth, and swallowing them with canine greediness. When his throat is dry from continued exercise, he lubricates it by stripping the grease off the candle between his teeth, which he generally finishes at three mouthfuls, and, wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sends it after at a swallow. He can, when no choice is left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes, or turnips; but, from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He is, in every respect, healthy; his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoaked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and, by four next morning, he a-

* The French Prisoners of war are, at this time, maintained at the expence of their own nation, and are each allowed the following daily ration: twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of beef, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese.

woke with his usual ravenous appetite, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is six feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made, but thin; his countenance rather pleasant, and is good tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by,

DESTAUBEN, French Surgeon.

LE FOURNIER, Steward of the Hospital.

REVET, Commissaire de la Prison.

LE FLEM, Gard du Magazin de l'Hospital.

PICARD, Soldat de la 1st Demi-Brigade.

THOMAS COCHRANE, M. D. Inspector and Surgeon of the Prisons, and Agent, &c. for sick and wounded Seamen.

Liverpool, Sept. 29th, 1799.

A true copy.

JOHN BYRON, Clerk in the office for sick and wounded Seamen.

CANINE MADNESS.

SEVERAL instances of dogs going mad have occurred within this short time past. It sometimes happens that cases occur of persons being bit by a dog supposed to be mad, wherein the fact is not absolutely ascertained, but only supposed; and hence a state of the most cruel uncertainty ensues. The following expedient may be used for ascertaining the fact, and putting an end to this uneasiness:—When persons have been bit by a dog, that is apprehended to be mad, the dog is generally killed, before his condition is known with certainty—when this happens, take a piece of dressed meat, and rub the throat, teeth and gums of the dead dog, taking care that there be no blood to stain it; then offer the meat to a living dog: if the living dog refuses it with crying and howling, the dead dog was certainly mad; but if the victuals are well received and eaten, there is no danger.

We are informed that a lady living in Arch-street, is in possession of, and has for sale, a medicine which is said never to have been known to fail in the prevention of the hydrophobia, if taken within a given time after the bite is received; the receipt for which has remained a secret in the family for near a century past.—Query, If this is the case, would it not be for the good of the public, as well as the advantage of the parties concerned, to advertise this medicine?

PHILADELPHIA,
JULY 25, 1801.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENTS.

On Sunday morning last, Mr. James Byrne, son of Mr. Redmond Byrne, of this city, went to the island opposite the city, in company with Mr. John M'Hugh, to bathe; not long after they entered the water, and at no great distance from the island they met with a strong current, which baffled every exertion to return to the boat, and in endeavouring to assist each other, they were both drowned. Two other persons were drowned the same morning in the Delaware, and two more are said to have been lost in the Schuylkill—Also, on Wednesday last, a boy playing on the shrouds of a vessel at one of the wharves, fell between the vessel and the wharf and was sucked under.

At CALDWELL, (N. J.) on the 9th inst. Moses Campbell, an inhabitant of that place, in a state of inebriation, put a period to his existence by taking near a spoonfull of arsenic. Mr. Campbell was endowed with every requisite qualification to have rendered him a useful member of society; and but for deep-rooted habits of intemperance, might have restored to his amiable wife and family, a suitable portion of domestic felicity, instead of that trouble and sorrow with which their bosoms have long since been afflicted on his account. Is it not a melancholy reflection to a thinking mind, to consider what destruction is made of the human species by a too frequent use of spirituous liquors; how many thousands are cut off in the prime of life, by this detestable vice! while their families are often left to become a charge to the public.

(From the New-York Weekly Museum.)

DIED some time in April last, in Stephen-Town, in the manor of Courtland, JOHN HEMPSTEAD, aged 106 years. He was a native of this city; was a robust hearty man until a few years since. He retained his senses and recollection until the last, and was esteemed an honest man. He had frequently to relate anecdotes of the old French war, and of expeditions against the Indians, in times when the trees of the forest waved their proud tops, where the busy throng now swarm in the streets of the city. He moved from New-York sixty years ago, and has never since returned. He was by trade a breeches maker, and it is said took a disgust at the alteration of fashion which took place about that time in the Gullupee breeches, and has never been known to wear any other.

Marriages.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus, on her rolling throne;
Is drawn by kindred birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves. WATTS.

MARRIED...In this city....On the 23d inst. Mr. William Millar, merchant of Boston to Miss Eliza Sands, of this city...On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Francis Nicholson, of New-York, merchant, to Miss Ann Brice, daughter of Capt. John Brice of this city.

Deaths.

Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell—
These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell
When some stranger is interr'd,
Oh! then, e'er the turf, or tomb
Cover us from ev'ry eye,
Spirit of Instruction, come—
Make us learn that *we must die.* COWPER.

DIED....In this City...On the 16th inst. Mr. James Rose, late carpenter of the United States' ship Ganges....On the 22d, Alexander Wilcocks, Esq. Recorder of this City, universally lamented.

.....At Germantown, on the 19th, Miss Esther Bullock, eldest daughter of Joseph Bullock, Esq.

.....At Trenton, on the 18th, in the 22d year of her age, Mrs. Mary Barnes, wife of Mr. Isaac Barnes, of this City.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In the course of the present week, the Editor has received a communication under the signature of "*No Trifler*," in reply to the *second head* of the "*Modern Trifler*," published in the 35th No. of the Repository. This reply, in substance, contains a defence of Dr. Priestley, from the insinuation of the Modern Trifler, that the Dr. neither believes in "*matter*," or "*spirit*;" it asserts that he believes in both, and much doubts whether "the Modern Trifler enjoys more comfort in the anticipation of a glorious resurrection, and a happy immortality, than the Dr.;" and then goes on to animadvert upon some parts of the Trifler's definition of Religion. The Editor thus takes notice of the substance of this reply, in order to rebut any idea of partiallity to one writer more than another; but at the same time declines publishing it, as it would evidently open a field for religious discussion. The Dr.'s principles, whatever they may be, cannot be canvassed in this paper.——The "Modern Trifler" attributes certain principles to the Dr.—"No Trifler" denies that he holds any such principles, but quite the reverse—Well, then, here the parties are at issue—and here the matter must rest; or the controversy be carried to some other field of action.——At the same time it is expected, that the Modern Trifler will wind himself out of the *serious trifle* into which he has led his readers; and this the desultory nature of the title he has assumed will enable him to do, without injury to his plan: or, if he chuses, he may break off abruptly from the subject, and introduce another.

WANTS A SITUATION,

As a Sempstress, a person who is well acquainted with almost every kind of Sewing, can do Mantua-making, Plain Work, or the general Sewing of a family. A line (post paid) addressed to R. T. and left at the office of the Philadelphia Repository, will be attended to.

JULY, 25th, 1801.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REFLECTIONS IN MY GARDEN;

OR

CONTENTMENT IN LOW LIFE.

HAPPY the man whose wish is bound,
By such an humble spot of ground;
From side to side, front back to street,
Both breadth and length but ninety feet.
No massy walls oppress my lot,
No costly gems adorn my cot;
No lofty turrets grace its front,
No costly ornaments upon't.
A house and garden, small, but neat,
A place for trade, a sweet retreat;
With verdure sweet my garden stor'd,
Presents an off'ring to its lord:
The fruit though scant, yet pure of kind,
Choice emblem of an humble mind;
The flow'rs and herbage all conspire,
To please the mind and raise it higher:
To that supreme all-bounteous Lord,
Whose kind productions all afford
A theme of praise for grateful hearts,
When much or little He imparts.
Since Providence has cast my lot
Upon this small, and humble spot,
With means sufficient in my store,
I'll be content, nor covet more.
With diligence and grateful heart,
Assiduously I'll act my part;
And live as happy, blithe and free,
As him who rolls in luxury,
Or any man on earth can be.
The man who counts his millions o'er,
Compar'd with me, is vastly poor!
Because his grasping mind ne'er knows,
The pleasures which content bestows.
My inch of ground I can survey
With rapture, while my thanks I pay
To that *Supreme Almighty Pow'r*,
Whose blessings daily on me show'r.
Who makes my fragrant roses blow,
Who makes my flow'rs and fruit to grow;
Who clothes my spot with verdure green,
While lilies variegate the scene.
Where sun-flow'rs raise their lofty heads,
And sweet perfume the brier sheds;
Who makes the lilac's purple dye,
With tulips, and carnations vie.
Who makes the creeping melon's vine
Ascend the pole, and climb the line;
Who makes my scion-peach appear,
In lieu of one that died last year.
While Johnny-jump-up's richly drest
In gold and purple, shame the rest;
And shew the moral of my song,
That worth to size doth not belong. R. W.

CHESNUT-STREET,
JULY 17th, 1801.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

NIGHT.

THE sun has set beneath the western sea,
Nor more his animating light bestows;
His course has ended with the closing day,
And now in other skies with splendor glows.

The day is past—dim night begins her reign,
And o'er the world now casts an awful shade;
Pale Cynthia, rising o'er the eastern main,
Smiles thro' the solemn gloom, which night has made:

Majestically rising,—from on high
She casts around her solemn, cheering light,
Shining unrivall'd, in the cloudless sky,
She cheers the horrors of the gloomy night.

While in yon vaulted arch resplendid shine,
In silent glory, all the starry train;
And all the world to sleep's dull pow'r resign'd,
Forget in slumbers all their cares and pain.

ABEL RILAHRMAN.

BRYAN AND PEREENE,

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD,

Founded on a real fact, that happened in the Island of St. Christopher's.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd:
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leap'd overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whose his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stay,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan was both tall and strong,
Right blithesome roll'd his een;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true?
Such charms the old world never saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her ravin hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine:
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing, crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain:
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist,
His heart's blood died the main!

He shriek'd; his half sprung from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore;
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste ye maids I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she faints, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair fresh flow'rets strew:
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you.

DICK's PLEA FOR BEATING HIS WIFE.

SINCE they say beauty ne'er so lovely appears,
As when the fair nymph is dissolv'd into tears,
To try how far this maxim will prove,
Dick beats pretty Peggy to heigthen his love.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

The following magical lines were copied from a lady's fan—it is hoped some of your ingenious correspondents will unfold their mysterious power, for I confess I cannot. J.

FROM a fam'd number 5 subtract,
'T will open to your view,
Whether you speak, or think or act,
The very thing you do.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

By inserting the following Address in the Repository, you will oblige A LOVER.

S .... R..... lovely girl, farewell;
The joys I fram'd for you
Are gone; you struck the solemn knell—
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

Too soon I lov'd, ere yet my heart
Sad disappointment knew;
Alas! I am forc'd from you to part—
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

Once I had hope—but now 'tis fled;
How could you prove untrue?
Since you the youthful J.... G..... wed,
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

Yet as you chose that worthy swain,
May bliss your path pursue;
And may you never know my pain—
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

But should you hear yon turtle mourn,
Then, as a tribute due,
Bid him whose heart from you was torn,
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu! D.... B....

To Miss S.... R..... North——street.
PHILADELPHIA,
JULY 20th, 1801

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance——Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.*